

Broken Hearts

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Summary: After thirteen years of being gone, Buffy and Angel's daughter cope with their return

Broken Hearts

Title: Broken Hearts Author: Amazon Rating: Pg-13 Spoilers: None that I can think of, but anything is fair game with me. Disclaimers: If I owned them do you think us Shippers would be suffering this season. Distribution: If you want you can have it as long as I know where it's going. Couples: B/A and W/S Author's note: I really don't like writing in first person, but I figured prolog had to be, so the rest probably won't be. Plus this fic is kinda altering the BtVS timeline just a little. I mean that there is no curse, so I guess that most of season two didn't happen, and season three was much happier, and as for season four...well I'm not Joss, even though I did pick up on some plot points. :)~

Prolog:

I once heard that if you dream of someone pregnant then someone's going to die and if you dream that someone's going to die, someone is pregnant. It was just my luck that I had a dream about both. And being the Slayer, prophetic dreams weren't out of the question.

So as it turns out part of the dream was prophetic. It was a unusually cold day in February when Willow announced to the rest of the group that she was expecting. Not just expecting a baby, but Spike's baby. I wish one of us had decided to have a camera present when they told everyone, because the looks on Xander and Giles' faces were priceless. Considering the only ones that knew Spike and Willow were even seeing each other were Angel, Anya and myself.

Giles was the first to accept the situation, almost immediately as a matter of fact. His nose was in a book looking for anything he could find on a Dhampire. Fortunately, or unfortunately depending on how you looked at it, he couldn't find anything. Xander took a little

longer to come around. I think he felt betrayed. I mean Spike was our worst enemy for two years before he got that chip put in his head. In the end I think he was able to keep Spike and Angel's sanity. I say that because in June I found out I was pregnant.

I was so happy that words couldn't even describe how I felt. I could have sworn that Angel walked around with a stupid grin for weeks after I told him. Then came the mood swings and the mansion became hell on earth. I swear Angel and Spike were ready to stake themselves. It's kind of funny now that I think about it.

So on October 31st, Dante Angelus Rosenberg was born. He looked like a miniature version of Spike with the exception of the extremely dark hair. I never thought I'd see two people any more proud. That was until five months later on February 17 when Emma Aine Summers was born. She was beautiful with Angel's hair and eyes. He still swears that she looks like me, but I've always disagreed with him.

That was four years ago and now were getting ready to leave our little girl for good. An unkillable demon crawled out of the Hellmouth and is coming after me and Angel. Were going to run, and we don't want to put Emma through that. Picking up and leaving at any moment, not knowing whether or not you're going to survive the night. She doesn't need that. She needs to have a normal life, something I didn't have. Giles and Olivia have agreed to raise her. I'm grateful for that. Emma adores both of them.

We told them to tell Emma, when she asks about us, that we're dead. It should be easier for her to comprehend, because there is no way that this thing was going to leave us alone until we're both dead. I can tell this is hard for Angel. The past couple of day he's been sitting in Emma's room with her in his lap, watching her sleep. But he knows that this is the best for her.

I can only be grateful that we had four wonderful years with her. We're both going to miss her.

Part 1:

Emma Summers sat cross-legged on a stone bench in the quad of Sunnydale High School. The warm fall afternoon was perfect in her mind. The leaves were just starting to change and it was Friday. Friday the beginning of the weekend. The beginning of a long three day weekend. She silently shouted in her gratitude in her head. It wasn't that she didn't like school, she just had other things to do.

She was brought out of her thoughts when she heard someone calling her name from behind her. She turned quickly to see AJ Harris bolting toward her at a blinding pace.

"Emma!" He called frantically.

"What's wrong?" She grabbed his arm, pulling him to a halt.

"Dante...fight...gym...come now." He told her taking deep gulps of air into his lungs.

Emma was off the bench in record time, making a B-line for the gym.

Her long legs carrying her swiftly through the corridors of the school. When she arrived at the entrance of the gym she found Dante nose to nose with John Patterson, Sunnydale's own all-American all star.

Emma groaned and pushed her way through the small crowd that had started to gather at the first signs of a fight brewing.

"Dante!"

"Looks like your girlfriend is here to save your ass." Patterson smirked.

Emma groaned, the jock was really a son of a bitch. "Not likely, I'm here to make sure Dante doesn't kill you."

"That pussy couldn't lay one good punch."

Emma heard Dante growl and quickly stepped between the two. She could tell that it was taking all of his control not to just rip the creep apart, and there was nothing else Emma would rather see, but that was all Snyder needed to nail Dante's ass to the wall.

"Speaking of a good lay," Patterson started. "If you ever want one, Emma, just let me know."

Before the jock knew what was going on, Emma had grabbed a hold of him by the collar of his shirt. "I would never let you touch me like that, even if Hell itself opened up and we were all going to die." She let go of him, throwing him back a little. "Now get out before I let Dante pound you."

Patterson straightened his shirt and walked out of the gym in a huff. When he was gone, Emma turned on Dante.

"What the hell do you think you were doing?"

Dante threw up his hands in defense. "That wasn't my fault. He started it."

"Yeah and if I hadn't stepped in you were going to throw the first punch." Emma said pressing a finger into his chest. "You need to learn some self-control, especially around that jackass." This wasn't the first time the two had been at each other's throats.

He ran a hand through his short dark hair. "Em..." He sighed heavily. "I know. I promise to try."

He gave her a soft hurt puppy look that caused Emma to groan and roll her eyes. Dante just smirked. "Let's go AJ's probably having a spaz attack."

"What happened? Did Snyder..." AJ asked as Dante and Emma joined him in the front of the school.

"No, I stopped it before anything happened." Emma sighed giving Dante a pointed look.

"I said it wasn't my fult." Dante pleaded.

AJ smiled. "So it was normal as usual."

Emma giggled and Dante groaned.

"Walk you home, Em." Dante gave up.

"Nope, I'm going to walk over to Cass'. I want to see how she's feeling."

"Ok, say hi for us." AJ said grabbing Dante by the arm.

Emma giggled when she heard AJ bugging Dante about telling his parents about the fight.

Emma arrived at the large stone house about ten minuets after leaving the school grounds. She always laughed at the fact that Cass' house was the only house in Sunnydale that was bulit *in* the cemetery. Cass lived here with her grandmother. They moved here from New Orleans. Cass' grandmother was a refugee from Haiti and a Voodoo priestess. In the beginning it took Emma a long time to tell the difference between what Willow was into and what Cass' grandmother was. But once she was around them she picked the differences out quickly.

Emma knocked gently and smiled as an older black woman dressed in a brightly colored dress answered the door. "Hi Mama."

"'Ello little one. You here to see Cass."

Emma smiled and nodded. No one knew the old woman's name, everyone just called her Mama.

"She be upstairs." Mama replied giving Emma a kiss on the check.

"Thanks Mama." Emma replied and headed up the steps.

Cass smiled as Emma walked into her room. "Where were you today?"

Cass giggled. "Mama said the spirts were stiring something up, so I asked if I could stay home and she said yes."

Emma groaned and flopped down on the bed next to her friend. "I hate you. If I ever tried something like that Giles would give me that annoyed look, and then force me to rescherch it."

Cass giggled again. "So what did I miss?"

"Besides the usual boring lectures," Cass nodded and Emma shrugged. "Nothing much except Dante almost getting into a fight with Patterson."

"So what else is new. Those two are always at each others throats."

"Yeah I know, but I'm just so sick of it. Dante just can't keep his ego in check."

"It's because of you. He thinks that your all ways going to be there to bail his ass out of trouble."

Emma sighed. "Because I have. We have. He's been the only reliable thing in my life."

"That hurts Em." Cass replied in a mock hurt voice.

"You know what I mean Cass."

Cass smiled. "Yeah I do."

Part 2:

Emma entered her house to find it empty. She figured that Giles and Olivia must still be at the small occult bookstore that they owned together. She picked up the large pile of mail that was lying on the floor, just inside of the door. She flipped through it, tossing it most of it to the the kitchen counter until she came across a thick cream colored envelope. The address was written in a beautiful script and it smelled like sweet spice.

The letter was address to Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Giles, but Emma couldn't resist the urge to open it. As soon as she opened it and pulled the letter, accompanied by a picture, she regretted it. It was the picture that caught her eye. A dark haired man and a blonde woman were sitting on a couch with a small blonde boy sitting on the man's lap. They were all sitting close together and looked happy.

Emma dropped to the steps clutching the picture and letter in her hand. She knew the moment she look at the picture who the couple were. She'd be able to recognize her parents anywhere. She could only imagine that the little boy was her brother. Emma couldn't take her eyes off the picture. They were happy. They were happy without her.

Emma didn't know how long she had been sitting there when the door opened and Giles walked in with Olivia close behind him.

"Hello Emma." Giles greeted her.

Emma didn't say anything she just stood up, pain and anger flashing in her eyes. She walked over to Giles and thrust the letter and picture into his chest. Then turned heading toward her room.

Stunned Giles looked down at what she forced into his hands. "Dear God..." He whispered.

"Rupert what is..." Olivia asked as she looked over his shoulder. "Oh no."

Emma came out of her room an hour later, a duffel bag slung over her

shoulder.

"Emma we need to talk." Giles called.

"You LIED to me!" She growled. "There's nothing to talk about." She stormed out the front door, slamming it behind her.

Giles sighed, his heart breaking. Slowly he picked up the telephone and dialed the number that was written on the back of the letter.

Emma walked into the old mansion on Crawford Street. This had been her first home, then it had become her and Dante's hide away. The only place they felt like no one would bother them. She still had vague memories of living there, but none of those matter with all that she had found out that day. She walked over to the fireplace and tossed a few pieces of dry wood into it, then started a fire.

Sitting down in front of the dancing flames, she opened the bag and started pulling out it's contents. Old love letters that her father had written her mother, they went into the flames. One of her mother's old diaries that Emma had read over and over. She tossed it into the flames. Next went an velvet shirt of her fathers, followed by some of his sketches. One by one she threw everything that had been her parents into the flames. The last thing that she threw in was her mother's stuffed pig.

Emma watched as everything she used to love went up in flames. She reached for the near empty duffle bag and pulled out it's remaining item. The fire light glinted off the high polished blade of the knife. Emma gripped the handle tightly in her hand as she closed her eyes letting the tears fall freely. She quickly cut both wrists and waited for oblivion to take her.

Part 3:

"Emma!" Dante called into the mansion. Cass and AJ followed close behind him.

"Dante, man, how do you know that she's here?" AJ asked as he crawled into the large mansion between the boards that blocked the window.

"Because I know her. When something's wrong, she comes here."

"Did Giles tell you what was going on?" Cass asked as AJ helped her through the window.

"No, he just..."

Everything went blank when he saw her sprawled out in front of the fire. Dante was on his knees at her side with in seconds, her blood covered the floor as well as herself. Dante felt like he was going to be sick. A small amount of relief flooded through him when he realized that she was still alive.

Dante heard Cass gasp behind him. "I'll go get Mama." The girl was

out of the house in a flash.

"AJ, there's a bag on the other side of the couch. It has bandages and stuff in it."

AJ quickly got the bag and handed it over to Dante. "Don't you think we should get her to a hospital?"

"No." Dante replied simply.

"But..."

Dante glared up at AJ, causing him to back away. Dante gently picked up her wrists and quickly bandaged them to stop the blood flow. He then picked her up and carried her to the master bedroom. He laid her on the bed gently, blood was already starting to seep through the bandages. Her breathing was starting to slow and become more shallow. Dante sat on the bed and leaned close to her ear.

"Don't you dare leave me Emma Summers. I need you. I don't know what I'll do if you leave me. Who's going to keep me in line. I love you Em."

"Dante." Cass' voice made him look up. Cass was standing inside of the door, Mama was just behind her.

He stood up and walked to them.

"I'll take care of her." Mama said, placing a gentle hand on his arm.

Dante quickly moved into the living room. He must have been in there longer than he thought because most of the blood had been clean up in front of the fireplace. He started to pace, his mind racing with a million thoughts.

"Will you stop that!" AJ commanded from the couch.

Dante stopped for a moment and looked at him. "How can you be so calm?"

"Years of living on the Mouth of Hell. When your faced with an Apocalypse at least once a month, you tend to mellow out a bit."

"That doesn't help." Dante grumbled and resumed his pacing.

"I know." AJ sighed. "She's going to be alright you know. I just have this feeling."

"I wish I had the same feeling."

Mama and Cass came out into the living room nearly two hours later. Dante stopped his pacing and looked at them.

"She be fine." Mama said, producing a bottle out of her bag. "You give her some of dis when she wake. It help her sleep."

Dante took the bottle of dark green liquid and looked at it. His stomach still doing flips. Mama reached out and placed a hand under his chin, forcing him to look at her.

"She be fine, I promise."

"Thank you."

Mama smiled in response and patted him on the cheek. "Come children, let's go home." She commanded to Cass and AJ.

"What that do we tell Giles, or your parents if they call looking for you?" AJ asked.

"Just tell them we're safe."

Part 4:

Emma groaned, bringing a hand up to her face. Pain swept through her arm, she moved the other one and pain swept through it as well. She slowly opened her eyes, looking at her carefully bandaged wrists. The memories of what had happened and what she had done came flooding back to her. She could feel the hot tears stinging her cheeks.

"Emma?"

She turned her deep brown eyes to meet his clear blue ones. Their gaze never broke as he moved to the bed and sat down. Emma sat up, ignoring the nausea at the movement, and gripped him in a iron clade hug. She burried her face into his chest and let sobs racking her body. He kissed the top of her head and whispered soft soothing words to her. Finally her body stopped shaking and her sobs quieted.

"Emma," He smoothed her hair. "What happened?"

"They're alive, Dante."

"What?"

She looked up at him. "My parents, they're still alive." She sniffled. "Giles and Olivia got a letter from them, with a picture."

"Oh Em."

"They're happy with out me." She told him.

"Is that why you..." He fingered one of the bandages on her wrists.

"I don't know what I was thinking. I was just so hurt and angry."

"What are you feeling now?"

"Empty."

"She just stormed out?" Buffy asked quietly.

Giles nodded. "And that's been almost 24 hours ago. I just wish I knew wheather she was all right."

"AJ said she was." Willow replied trying not to seem worried.

"Do you think AJ would tell us the truth about that." Spike replied snidly. "Remember the Talisc demon. Emma broke her wrist and Dante didn't get out of bed for a week."

"Spike that was totally differnt." Giles groaned.

As the two started to argue, Buffy looked up at Angel. He hadn't spoken more than two words since they had left to come to Giles. She noticed that he was looking at a picture of Emma. She couldn't have been more than ten, smiling brightly sitting on a branch of a tree.

"Angel?"

He looked over his shoulder at Buffy then back at the picture. "It's our fult Buffy. Maybe if we had let Giles tell her the truth..."

Buffy wrapped her arms around Angel. "It's too late for 'What If's'. We were doing what we thought was right."

Part 5:

Spike stood in the middle of the large living room of the mansion. It had been years since he had actually been inside of it. No his place had been outside watching for the things that went bump in the night, while Dante and Emma escaped the real world inside. It wasn't the fact that this had been were they escaped to, it was the strong scent of blood that worried him. He knew that it was Emma's and from the how strongly he was picking it up there had been a lot of it.

He moved to the steps and quickly up them, finding his way to the master bedroom. He stopped in the doorway, the sight that greeted him was something he wasn't expecting. Dante and Emma were asleep on the bed, Dante's arms wrapped protectively around Emma.

"When did that happen?" Spike muttered to himself.

He shrugged it off and moved closer to the sleeping couple. As soon as he touched Dante, his son's eyes flew open. He put a finger up to his lips and motioned for him to meet him outside. Dante nodded and untangled his arms from around Emma. He placed a gentle kiss on her forehead and met his father out in the hallway.

"Is she okay?"

"Phyically she's doing better, emotionally..." Dante stopped. "They're here, aren't they?"

"Yeah and they want to see her."

"No." Dante stated firmly.

"I know you're protecting her, but they need to see her. She needs to see them. Bloody hell, just talk to her."

"I'll talk to them." They both turned to see Emma standing in the doorway.

"Are you sure?" Dante asked her.

She nodded slowly. "I want answers."

Emma stood frozen outside the front of her house. She was starting to think that this was a bad idea and that she should just run back to the mansion.

"We don't have to do this." Dante reminded her.

"No, I have to." She took a deep breath, made sure that her sweater covered her bandages and laced her fingers threw Dante's.

He smiled at her and walked her to the door. Everyone was sitting in the front room waiting for them when they came in. Emma clung as close as she could to Dante, her eyes scanning the faces of the people she loved, finally resting on the couple sitting at the end of couch.

"I think we'll leave you alone." Giles said ushering the others out.

"Dante." Willow looked at her son.

Emma smiled at him. "Go on I'll call you later."

He gave her a look and then looked over at Buffy and Angel. Angel immediately recognized the look in the young man's eyes. It was a look of warning and protection. He kissed Emma lightly before leaving.

Emma stared at Buffy and Angel in silence for a few minuets. "Well this is weird. You know for the past 13 years I've thought that you two were dead. Now with in the period of one day, my whole life has changed."

"Emma...I...we did what we thought was best for you...for your safety." Buffy tried to explain.

"Yet my brother can live happily ever after with you." She roared, tossing her hands in the air.

"Emma..."

"No! I want to know why he can and I can't. I want to know why...I want to know why you didn't want me." She broke down and the tears began to flow freely.

Angel's heart shattered to pieces when he heard that. He couldn't count the number of times he had laid awake at night thinking about his little girl. Wondering every day what she was doing, every year

on her birthday what she looked like, how had she changed. If she was hurt.

"Emma we love you, we always have, we always will." Angel sighed. "Right after your fourth birthday, a demon, a very powerful demon, came after us. He needed our blood to bring about the end of the world, a sort of sacrifice. We needed to get as far away from here as possible to get him away from the Hellmouth. We wanted you to live without having that fear. We wanted you to have a normal life."

"But the demon's dead, right?"

"We were finally able to kill him about a year and half ago. Right before your brother was born."

"And you didn't come back then?"

"We called Giles. He said you were happy. We didn't want to change that."

Emma looked at them dumbfounded. She just didn't understand them. Coming back then would have been a lot easier. She shook her head and closed her eyes. "I'm going to grab some clothes and go back to the mansion. I need some time to think."

Part 6:

Emma smiled when she saw Dante waiting for her outside, a duffel bag slung casually over his shoulder.

"How did it go?" He asked reaching for her hand.

"It went." She replied simply, taking his hand. "I have a lot of things to think about. I mean I think that their intentions were good."

"I know what you mean." Emma gave him a puzzled look. "Mom and Dan told me. Mom said it was really hard for them to just pack up and leave you behind."

"But why did they have Giles lie to me. Why couldn't they just have to him to tell me the truth."

He stopped and looked at her. "How much more hurt would you have been if he told you they were still alive one day and then the next they weren't."

Emma just looked at him for a few moments going over everything in her head. She was still a little confused but things were starting to make sense.

"Everything happens for a reason, Em." He said softly reaching down for a kiss.

Emma sighed and deepened the kiss. She allowed herself to get swept away by it, and for one in the events of the past everything seemed to feel right.

Epilog:

I guess that things have worked out for the best since my parents have returned. The Hellmouth has a Slayer once again, even though Dante and I were doing a fairly good job at patrolling. Truth be told, she didn't start patrolling again until Dad and Spike caught us having a make out session in the cemetery one night.

That's one of the things that I'm really grateful for. Dante. All this time I thought that I had been the one to keep him stable, but in reality it was him keeping me stable. I can't even describe in words how much I love him, it just encompasses me so completely. I feel whole when we're together, and not just when he's making love to me.

The past year and a half has been rough for us all. Especially between myself and my parents. I had to learn to trust them again and they had to get used to me. There are still some awkward moments, but were dealing. My now four year old brother has latched himself onto me like a leech. Not that I mind really, cause I love him more than I knew I could, but it's difficult sometimes when Dante and I want to be alone. The other night I swear Dante gave him a look that was a mirror image of Spike. Micah just shrugged it off and continued to question us.

All in all I can't compline. Life is good and I'm happy. Of course I still have a few bombs to drop among our family. For once we still haven't told either of our parents that Dante asked me to marry him and I said yes, or that we want to move into the mansion. And then there's the one secret that Dante doesn't even know about yet. I can only imagine his face when I tell him that he's going to be a father.

End
file.